

Losing My Religion

Kirk Franklin

I'm losing my religion
Thank God
I prayed about my decision
How odd
For the man with the mic
To be the man all his life
While Christ-like stipes did with REM
Rev up the RPMs
How do I begin to try to paint this sin, of rules?
That divides God's people in two

In the beginning, religion created a mask
The reformation helped but soon the patch didn't last
I don't tell, you don't ask
So we created a lie
And for generations, church was where we went to go hide
Or we no longer tried
Because rules read our relationship was empty inside
Leaves you bitter, dry
Swift to cut like a razor
Swift to call you a traitor
Cause you're swift to love Taylor
Now we got bad blood with our neighbor

Who's wrong, who's right
Every Sunday we're divided
Who's black, who's white, C'mon
Now the man in the mirror never gets race right
He'll never be Christ-like
Never receive good pay
So your faith never rises above minimum wage
So when it's time to save the world
You don't know what to say
To your brother that you love when he tells you he's gay
Do you push him away?
Judge him down till he leaves?
Give him a gospel he hears or a gospel he sees
Love wrapped in truth is the gospel he needs
There's room at the cross for everyone, even me

Well my sins are now clean
The loss now redeemed
Religion is a prison but truth sets us free
Helps us believe
That the world we're in now is not the world that will be
Terror, famine, disease
Millions in poverty
Hungry, can't sleep
With all of this religion, why these babies can't eat?
And if the middle class is gone, how can America see?
How can America breathe?
When the oxygen is gone from the American dream
And these American streets listen close as they speak
The next time you think America please include me

Help the ones that are weak
All they want is a piece

Of the pie that you keep
Is that too much to ask of those who lay the concrete?
Still laying on concrete
Pop, Pop by police
See, they the foundation of the nation
Not the 2%
Not the ones that own the building that the middle class rent
Because they make sense

Tell me how do you feel?
I'm the new Franklin and I have the new deal
I fight and do right
FDR for real
One nation under God
God, show us the way
The science of opinion
God is not a buffet
You pick what you want so no God on your plate
The preacher isn't God
Religion's first mistake
Serving stewards, shepherds, not kings
Has to die to his flesh everyday like me

One VIP
All the other seats in church are free
We're just groupies
God's the celebrity
Before 313 AD
Before Constantine
Before the council of Nacia
Before Romans and Greeks
Before Calvin Alexander, Luther
Before let there be
Before history
To the last century
Before the death on the tree
Before the fall of man
Was a picture of me
Now to his heart
Right before the last three
Words he would speak
It is finished

Can you believe?
I'm losing my religion
Thank God
Helping you lose yours,
Is my job